

BOOK NOTES.

Opie Read's New Novel Is "The Harkriders."

Opie Read's latest novel "The Harkriders" is another great success, likely to prove the most popular among this author's literary efforts. Every one of the romances of great powers of characterization and narration is grandly brought to play; the master hand is recognized in every line and color. The people described are intensely human and natural, interesting from the first introduction, and familiar and dear to the reader, like beloved friends, to the very end. The plot is a charming triple love story, set in a garden of scenes full of wholesome humor, drollery and happy repartee. Only once at the beginning, are the reader's heartstrings touched with deeper pathos, and when the laughing Muse seems to reign. Of



OPIE READ.

course there are tears again, but not in the eyes of the smiling reader, amused by the whims and antics of the Major and the Colonel and their loving people, all so dignified and good and yet so laughable; warm, balmy sunshine lies over the whole. There is a graphic description of a fox hunt, a feature bound to attract readers. The publisher has equipped the volume in a handsome, artistic manner, making it especially acceptable as a library and gift book.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest and most mature novel, "A Prince of Sinners," has called attention to this clever English writer whose books have been steadily growing in popularity in this country. Mr. Oppenheim had written two novels previous to "A Prince of Sinners," and what is more to his credit, his work has constantly improved. He has been best known in this country, previous to the publication of "A Prince of Sinners," by "The Great Awakening," "A Millionaire of Yesterday," "The Survivor," and "The Traitors." In each of these ingenious novels his skill as a story-teller was evident. But in "A Prince of Sinners" Mr. Oppenheim was most fortunate. He really got ahead of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in attempting to show, through the vehicle of fiction, that the salvation of the English workingman is dependent upon the restoration of a protective tariff in his country. Yet in this new book the tariff discussion plays but a small part, the real story being the eventful career and love affairs of Kingston Brooks, the manly hero, and his relations with Lord Arranmore, the so-called "Prince of Sinners." It is a thoroughly wholesome romance of present-day English social and political life.

Mr. Oppenheim, who is thirty-four years of age, was born and educated in England; was married, in 1882, to Miss Elsie Hopkins, of Boston, and at present he resides at Evington, in Leicestershire. He is a member of the "Aurora" and the "Aurora" clubs, and his favorite sport is golf.

"The author who cannot secure a publisher for his manuscript is apt to think this due to lack of personal interest with a publisher; but if the author would only know it, a manuscript of unknown writer is better off without any personal introduction," says the Reader for July. "A recent case which is in accord with this statement is the experience of Mr. William H. A. Wilson, whose first novel, 'A Rose of Normandy,' has gone into three editions in about as many weeks, and is one of the best selling books in New York today. Armed with strong personal introductions, Mr. Wilson took his manuscript to two of the leading publishing houses in New York; but in each case was told by the head of the house that the combination of new writer and historical novel prevented any consideration of the book. Then Mr. Wilson went to Boston with his manuscript, and because he saw the name of Little, Brown & Co. as he walked along Washington street, he left the manuscript with them, though he was an entire stranger to the firm. But in three weeks Little, Brown & Co. informed Mr. Wilson of their desire to publish his story."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s list of publications for the coming autumn promises to be rich in interest and variety. In the field of fiction there will be new books by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Clara Louise Burnham, the Baroness von Hutten, Guy Wetmore Carryl, Will Payne, Ruth Hall, Mary Halleck Foote, Ellen Olney Kirk and Mrs. M. E. M. Davis.

to mention only well known authors. There will be volumes of essays by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Samuel M. Crothers, Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., and Charles A. Dismore; and new nature books by John Burroughs and Bradford Torrey. A biography of Henry Ward Beecher, by Lyman Abbott, is promised, as well as Prof. Simon Newcomb's "Reminiscences of an Astronomer," two volumes on "American Tariff Controversies in the 19th Century," by Edward Starwood, and "Ultimate Conceptions of Faith," by Dr. George A. Gordon. There will be six or seven new volumes of poetry.

One of the little touches which evidence closeness of study on the part of an historical novelist occurs in "A Specter at Power," Charles Egbert Craddock's recently published book, where an incidental reference to the presence of smallpox among the Indians is made. As a matter of fact, the ravages of that disease among the aborigines of North America are to be classed among the appalling plagues of all time. Whole tribes were exterminated and the total number of its victims ran up into the millions.

"The Log of a Cowboy," by Andy Adams is the first technically western book written by a western man. On the life of the true cowboy Adams is right unconsciously, and always right. He did not "crum up" to write this book, just as any man who goes into a limited field with the express purpose of studying it will invariably be wrong in some essential point. With Andy Adams it is an entirely different story, and his book is meeting with success all over the country.

Mary Catherine Crowley, the Detroit novelist, delivered the address at the unveiling of the Mrs. Cadillac memorial tablet, erected by the ladies' benevolent committee of Detroit in memory of the first white woman to land upon the shores of the Detroit river. Mrs. Crowley has made a thorough study of the early history of the region around Detroit and a great deal of new information has been incorporated in her three novels, the last of which, "Love Thru the War," is a letter to Miss Crowley, Mayor Maybury of Detroit says: "I take this occasion to say that by your efforts more regarding the history of this community has been developed and made the subject of study than has been accomplished by the pen of any writer of the present or past. I think you are well worthy of this compliment."

In the southern town where Will N. Harben, author of "The Substitute," lives, there is the usual supply of men who have acquired, by courtesy of their fellow townsmen, the title of "Colonel." It struck Mr. Harben that the old soldiers of the town who possessed hard earned genuine titles were somewhat obscured by the younger set who were colonels in name only. So Mr. Harben wrote an unsigned editorial for one of his town papers, in which he only set forth the cause of the veteran against the amateur soldier in the matter of titles. The editorial made a sensational impression and did result in discrediting the "colonel" habit. It has now leaked out that Mr. Harben was the guilty man and his fellow townsmen are retaliating by calling him colonel and saluting him in the streets. One old confederate soldier has heard of the remark and Mr. Harben deserves promotion. He killed more colonels in one day than Gen. Lee did in four years of war!

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Gleaned from the Teachings of All Denominations.

Christ is humanity's great liberator.—Rev. Dr. R. F. Coyle, Presbyterian, Denver.

UP TO GOD, OUT TO HUMANITY.

A man can never reach any higher up to God than he reaches out toward humanity.—Rev. Clarence Abel, Methodist, Chicago.

ALL MAN NEEDS.

A man can take the Scripture record and find all he needs to bring him into higher personal relation with God.—Rev. A. B. Pennington, Congregationalist, Ad.

DOES NOT ENCOURAGE IDLENESS.

The religious life is not in conflict with the business life, and the kingdom of God does not seek to encourage idleness.—Rev. Dr. W. J. Williamson, Baptist, St. Louis.

EVER INCREASING LIFE.

Life more life, ever increasing life, in the end, is absolutely infinite life is the cause and beginning of all things. All else is but a means.—Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Catholic, Pittsburgh.

MORAL AND PHYSICAL DEPLETION.

When a man is addicted to strong drink, he is heading toward mental as well as physical depletion and annihilation.—Rev. Dr. Frank De Witt Talmage, Presbyterian, Chicago.

TRUE AND PERFECT KNOWLEDGE.

The church of Jesus Christ gives us true and perfect knowledge of the true God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, through the preaching of the divine word.—Rev. F. H. Bosch, Lutheran, Brooklyn.

DEPENDS ON DEFINITION.

The idea of perfection depends on the definition which is given to the word. In order to be successful the young man must be energetic and persevering.—Rev. Dr. Patton, Presbyterian, Princeton, N. J.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

Would you have identified with all that is truly godlike and holy? Join the army of earth's toilers. Be not ashamed of your enlarged joints. They are holy marks upon honest men. No man has the right to eat the bread of another without giving value received.

REACHED HER LIMIT.

A Trained Nurse Whose Endurance Was Overtaxed.

"I thought I could stand anything," said Mrs. Jennie Sanford, a trained nurse, who lives at No. 170 Baird street, Benton Harbor, Mich., "but I found that my endurance had a limit. It was after attending a case which required more than ordinary watchfulness and care that I broke down in health. I was afraid that I should be compelled to give up my work entirely and believe that would have been the case had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"You ask me what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me? They have done what doctors and all other medicines failed to do—they have made me a well woman. My system was all run-down and my stomach became affected. I had indigestion so bad that my sufferings with it nearly drove me distracted. Oftentimes I was obliged to take to my bed. My stomach refused food and if I did force myself to eat anything it would not stay down; my head ached most of the time, I grew weak and felt perfectly miserable.

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought I would give them a trial. And they helped me at once. A few boxes cured me entirely and I have had no return of the trouble. Since then I have recommended Pink Pills for Pale People to many and have used them in my family whenever there was need of medicine.

The pills which cured Mrs. Sanford have accomplished as wonderful results in hundreds and hundreds of other more severe cases. They have proved a specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold at all druggists, or will be sent direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., post-paid, on receipt of price, fifty cents per box; six boxes for two dollars and a half.

and no man has the right to values who does not earn them. This is the unalterable law of life; it is the purest gospel of our times; it is the divinest philosophy of ethics, economics or religion.—Rev. Dr. Abraham E. Nelson, Christian, St. Louis.

THE DEVIL'S MISSION FIELD.

All our fashions and fads come from cities. The devil knows a good field for his mission work; hence he works most mightily in these centers of population. Any old devil will do for the country.—Rev. Dr. Boughton, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

A PRACTICAL RELIGION.

The religion which Jesus Christ taught his disciples and which the early church practiced was a practical religion—a religion that cares for man's material as well as his spiritual interests.—Rev. Dr. Helderberg, Presbyterian, New York.

HEAVEN NOT POSTHUMOUS HAPPINESS.

If we read Christ's teaching right, we will find that heaven does not mean posthumous happiness. Heaven is not postmortem. It is of the heart. The gospel is not a device to get us into heaven. It is God's way of bringing heaven to us.—Rev. M. W. Stricker, president Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

LOVE THE BASIS OF SOCIETY.

Human society is possible only on the basis of love. Selfishness means isolation. Love is the only bond that can hold men together in pleasant and helpful relations. Love is the basis of all true friendships. Such friendships survive all changes of time, place and circumstances.—Professor George Barker Stevens, Yale University.

MAN'S RELATION TO GOD.

The things that pertain to worship are counted sacred—the sanctuary, the Sabbath, the Bible, prayer and praise. That which makes these sacred is that God relates to all our life, not to worship merely. No part of life can be withdrawn from God's jurisdiction and interest.—Rev. Frost Craft, Methodist, Denver.

WORKING THROUGH MEN.

God does sometimes dispense with human instrumentalities in the conversion of souls, but he rarely does so. He works through instrumentalities of his fellow men. The success of the church in the years to come will largely depend upon the activity of individuals in doing personal work.—Rev. Dr. Robert MacArthur, Baptist, New York.

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

The gain of earth goes no farther than the grave, and the treasures of earth have no purchasing power in heaven. The value of the soul is infinite. It is the only thing that can be redeemed by the Redeemer says we shall profit most if we follow him, for our soul is so precious we can give nothing in exchange for it.—Rev. George Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn.

THE CHRISTIAN'S OBLIGATION.

It is not enough to go to church; we must receive them when they come. Thousands of invitations are given for people to come to church, but their welcome is below zero when they come. We have needed an earnest Christianity when we must be genuine in all that we do. Your Christian obligation is not fulfilled by mere saying nor by mere doing, but by expiating doing.—Rev. Dr. M. P. Fikes, Baptist, Baltimore.

What Happened to the Bear.

"Speaking of big-gun shooting," said the man-of-war's man on the smoker's seat, "I saw one in the Oregon coast last year."

"We had gone out in the Olympia for a cruise, and when we got off shore saw a grizzly bear on the beach. He offered such a fine target that four of our big guns were cast loose and opened on him with shell."

"And he was blown to pieces?" queried the man on his right.

"No, hardly that."

"How many shells did you fire?"

"About forty, I believe."

"Why, you must have torn things up for miles around."

"Yes, we did. I believe the official report said that we tore up two counties and part of a third."

"The bear?" Oh, he offered a beautiful target, as I told you. When we got through bombing him, the bear was still on his feet, winked his hind feet for a moment and then walked off. I thought that bear was just going to tell us that the bear was killed at the first shot," protested another smoker. "If you hit him, why was it a fine instance of close shooting?"

"Why, it was a fine instance of a bear being shot at and not being hurt. The jackie, as he got off the car to change for the navy yard.—M. Quind.

Safeguard the Children.

Notwithstanding all that is done by boards of health and charitably inclined persons, the death rate among small children is very high during the hot weather of the summer months in the large cities. There is not probably one case of bowel complaint, a hundred, however, that could not be cured by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by all druggists.

MRS. BOWSER'S DIARY.

She Tells How She Passed an Anxious Evening.

I was looking out of the front window when Mr. Bowser came home from the office. I expected to see him kick the gate open with his usual vim and look around the front yard for a clothes-pin to find fault with, but he handed the gate in the gentlest manner and opened the front door as carefully as an old maid.

To my surprise, as I met him in the hall, he kissed me and wanted to know if I was tired. I gave him a sharp look, thinking the heat might have affected his head, but he appeared to be in his normal condition.

As the day had been excessively sultry, I only had a picked-up dinner. I expected he would pound the table and ask if I thought he was some dollar-a-week boarder, but he ate heartily and did not utter one complaint.

The cook burned her hand and broke several dishes with a crash just as dinner was over, but Mr. Bowser didn't take notice and declared that he would stop \$10 out of her wages and \$5 out of my pin money. On the contrary he said that accidents were likely to happen in anybody's kitchen, and suggested that I get the sweet oil and bind up the burn.

Mr. Bowser sat down and smoked for half an hour without once cursing the man who had the gas. It was then that I began to be anxious about him. He generally uses ten cuss-words to one cigar.

As we sat in the door to enjoy the breeze a watermelon peddler came along and shrieked out forty different times, but Mr. Bowser did not appear to care. He bought a minute my heart beat so tumultuously that I could hardly get my breath.

A little later a tramp appeared and called Mr. Bowser "old man" and asked him for ten cents. I had goose-flesh and the cat rolled her eyes, but no murder was done. The man got ten cents and went away whistling.

When the butcher boy came with the meat for breakfast and left a bill for 70 cents I shook all over and the cat asked me to the house. But there was no tragedy. Mr. Bowser glanced at the bill and felt for change and paid it, and didn't even speak of it.

Ten minutes later the cook told me that we must have an extra piece of ice to keep things through the night and I had to ask Mr. Bowser for a dime. He handed it out without a word. On two or three previous occasions he had charged me with wheeling the refrigerator before the kitchen range in order to melt the ice faster and send him to the post-office.

A hoodlum passing on the other side of the street threw a potato at us and narrowly missed Mr. Bowser's head, I



SHE WAS DRESSED FOR THE STREET AND HAD A BUNDLE UNDER HER ARM.

fully expected a tragedy that would fill columns of the newspapers for days and days, and believe I lost consciousness for a moment. When I came to Mr. Bowser was simply sauntering around the front yard.

When the cook returned from ordering the extra piece of ice, Mr. Bowser's strange attitude and asked if I were not alarmed. She said that her husband had acted just that way two or three days ago, and she was sure he was insane and had to be sent to a lunatic asylum. It was her opinion that I ought to make a great effort to arouse him.

A few minutes later I hinted to him that I was expecting mother down almost any day. As a usual thing, when I drop such a hint, he rises up on his hind legs and gets red in the face and claws the air, but on this occasion he replied that she was a dear old thing and that he would meet her at the depot with a carriage. This has been a sore point with him for years. He had looked at me and I looked at the cat, but we were too amazed for words.



A TRAMP APPEARED AND CALLED MRS. BOWSER "OLD MAN."

After I had managed to draw a long breath and shake off my lethargy I observed to Mr. Bowser that I had spent two hours that afternoon looking over love letters. This has been a sore point with him for years. Before we were married he wrote me two or three of the most gushing letters every day, but any reference to them a year after was sure to start a row. On this occasion I mentioned that he had called me his "dear, darling, angel pet" 31 times in the same letter, but he smiled and settled me on the shoulder and said that I was all of that.

At 10 o'clock we entered the house to go to bed. There was a casket from one of the chairs lying loose on the floor, and I actually called Mr. Bowser's attention to it, hoping he would raise a row. On several occasions, when such things have caught his notice, he has charged me with taking the cat or the crowbar and deliberately smashing up

One Great Cause of Sickness

In the Spring and Summer the appetite declines and we crave a change in our dietary. We need less concentrated food, less beef, pork, fish or fowl, etc. Those who do not heed Nature's warnings—continue to eat improper food—discomfort and disease are their portion.

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the furniture in order to send him into bankruptcy the sooner. This time he picked the casket up, wound a piece of paper round the shank and placed it back in the chair-leg. The cat looked at me in a meaning way and crawled under the lounge. Intuition warned her that something must soon break loose.

While Mr. Bowser was wandering about the sitting room and softly humming to himself, the cook beckoned me out into the hall. She was dressed for the street and had a bundle under her arm. She hated to leave me alone in the house, but she feared for her own safety and would go to her sister's to stay all night. Her poor husband had hummed and walked around in just such a way a few hours before he went

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SOME SUMMER DON'TS.

Don't wink at the soda fountain man. Winks have gone out of fashion.

Don't hitch along on an open car. It is easier to let people climb over your knees.

Don't ask a fat man if this is hot enough for him. He'll think there's a joke in it somewhere.

Don't take it out on the ice man. If it wasn't for him we'd have to cuss the coal man the year around.

Don't try to cool off on cocktails or warm up on ice-cold lemonade. There's a philosophy about such things.

Don't imagine that the fellow in the white duck suit is looking for a red-hot coal stove. He's got the same feeling about his back that you have.

Don't get up arguments about ice cream. It may kill, but if it does our loss will be your gain.

Don't tell anybody that at this date last year when you were up in the mountains, you had to sleep with three blankets over you. You are thought to be a liar as it is.

Don't ring in either summer drouths or floods. The government pays a man for remembering such things and making exaggerated statements.

Don't talk politics and feel under obligations to call some one a liar.

Don't escape until the frosts come again.

Don't swear off on anything, and thus perturb your mind and add another burden. A good case of prickly heat is enough for one person to lug around.

Don't imagine that you are the only rag on the line. The rest of us are in it with you, and feel just the same over it, and any little trust in icebergs will be promptly nipped in the bud and frozen out.—M. Quind.

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Are you Fagged?
Are you Constipated?

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When you are Fagged

That run-down feeling is caused by your overworked digestive organs not doing their work properly. Beecham's Pills will set them right, reinvigorate the system and restore sound and lasting health.

If Constipated

It is important to know that constipation enters more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women. It can be prevented if Beecham's Pills are taken whenever nature seems to call for assistance. Comfort and happiness are sure to follow the use of Beecham's Pills.

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